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"I never realized the good of a medicine so much as I have in the last few months, during which time I have suffered intensely from pneumonia, followed by bronchitis. After trying various remedies without benefit, I began the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and the effect has been marvellous. A single dose relieving me of choking, and securing a good night's rest."—T. A. Higginbotham, Gen. Store, Long Mountain, Va.

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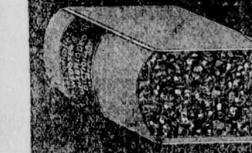
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THE DUMB SINGER.

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL. D.

People who saw little Philip often wondered what pleasure he could find in life. He lived on the top floor of a crowded boarding-house in New York. He went to work in the morning at 7 o'clock, and did not come back to the house until after 6. Then he was pale and tired. He took his seat at the long dinner-table, and while the guests around him talked of politics or the latest sensation of the daily journals, little Philip did not even pretend to listen. He ate silently and then disappeared. He was about nineteen years old, slight, short, and with drooping shoulders. He had a long, white, care-worn face. When his eyes were cast down he looked ugly and uninteresting; for he had white eye-lashes, which helped to give his face the appearance of being all one color. But when he looked at you you could see that his eyes were the color of violets, with a deeper and softer tint in them than any violet.

The landlady called him little Philip. She said he had come to her house from the West, recommended by an old friend, and that, though he had grown somewhat in three years, she had become used to that name. He was an orphan and had no relations. He was very shy; he answered no or yes, when people spoke to him. He seemed to shrink from those who spoke to him; he made no effort to make friends. Sometimes he came to the table with a flower in his button-hole, which he invariably pulled out and hid in his cuff when anybody noticed it, or he thought anybody was noticing it. The lady who sat next to him had been kind to him when he was sick once; he had thanked her in a few low words. One day he came in with an unusually large brown and gold pansy. She was in a gayer mood than was her wont, and she asked him for it. He fumbled at the flower as if hesitating, and then managed awkwardly to drop it into her soup. He jumped up from the table and disappeared. Everybody wondered what such an uninteresting, stupid, shifty being found to live for. Little Philip was really as unknown to the forty people in the same house as himself as if he were a thousand miles away. In reality, there was the thinnest possible barrier between the heart of this human being and the best of the people around him. Some of them were versed in the ways of the world and knew how to be amiable and attractive to it; but they did not dream of wasting these qualities on the stoop-shouldered, downcast creature they saw every day. They touched the surface and found it rough. That was sufficient. He was ugly, that was evident, he was silent, and they thought he was stupid and sulky. It was generally understood that he was too callous even to like music, for he never went into the parlor when the boarders sang the popular melodies of the day, accompanied by the notes of a weary-toned piano.

Once he was seen standing at the head of the stairs, while a visitor played the prayer from Rossini's "Moses in Egypt." The landlady, who was going upstairs, noticed that his eyes were very bright and large, and that his hand trembled. "Why, little Philip," she said, "what's the matter?" "Nothing," he answered, drawing the white lashes over those violet eyes. "I was a fool to have asked him," muttered the landlady. "What a queer boy! But he actually looked like a saint in one of the Catholic pictures."

After this Philip's door was always ajar. But nobody played the prayer from "Moses" again. The people in the parlor preferred gayer music. There was a young man who went to the table and who sat near Philip. He was a bright, handsome, pleasant fellow. He talked a great deal. He had once spoken to Philip and received a timid No; he made up his mind that Philip was proud and disagreeable. His name was Neal. The boarders discussed everything and sometimes they argued about religion. One of them said something foolish about the Catholic Church. Neal laughed a little, and lightly answered him; but, growing enthusiastic, made a good defence of the Church he loved. After dinner, he found Philip waiting at the door for him. Philip tapped him on the shoulder. "I would like to go to your church with you," Philip said. "You are very condescending," answered the young man irritably, for he had lost his temper over the seeming impossibility of making the boarders understand him, and he gave way to a desire—although his conscience smote him—to return the dislike which he thought Philip had for him. "You can go yourself if you want to."

Philip made no answer; he stumbled over the young man's feet in turning to go upstairs, and the young man thought that he had never met a more disagreeable person. He said to himself that Philip's request was only one way of being satirical; but he was not sure of this, and the more his conscience whispered that he ought to have been more charitable, the more angry he became with Philip. Finally, he forgot all about it, except that he had a vague increase of dislike for Philip, and he did not hesitate to say one or two unkind things at him.

Young Neal discovered, however, that Philip had found a Catholic church, for he saw him, in his threadbare suit, standing behind the last pew at High Mass on Sunday. He first thought of asking him into his pew, but he resisted the impulse, as he drew off his lavender-colored kid gloves, and

spread a silk handkerchief under his knees on the bench. Perhaps Philip's threadbare clothes had something to do with this.

"He has come here only to mock and criticize, anyhow," Neal said to himself, by way of apology. "I'll not notice him."

The landlady remarked that little Philip went out more than usual; and, after a month or so, he let himself out of the house at 5 o'clock in the morning, and came back in about an hour. The landlady said to herself that he seemed happier, and once she heard him trying to sing some Latin words to himself in his room; but the boarder next door knocked and jocularly asked him if he were trying to say word. "He was queer and no mistake," he did not try to sing again.

During the winter he went out very early, and came back for his breakfast about 6 o'clock every morning. He took his frugal luncheon with him then, and went to work. It was remarked by the boarders that his teeth chattered unpleasantly, and that he had no overcoat. Young Neal, who went to early Mass one week-day—the anniversary of his mother's death—met Philip coming out of church. He was surprised and somewhat softened. He remarked that it was a cold day.

Philip flushed and turned silently away. He thought that Neal's glance had rested on his worn clothes, and that his expression had been a satirical allusion to the fact that he had no overcoat. Then he felt he had given way to resentment. He ran after Neal and tapped him on the arm. "Well?" Neal said. Philip's lips moved. "It is a cold day Mr. Neal."

"It will be a cold day when you learn manners," Neal said, boiling with indignation at what seemed to be an impertinence. Philip stood and watched him as he turned the corner, as if he were stunned by Neal's rough reply. Neal's remarks at the dinner-table became more satirical than ever; but Philip seemed not to notice them. The landlady, going through the attic corridor one night after Neal had been more than usually severe on "stupid, insolent people," thought she heard a sob in the cough that troubled Philip at this time. She said again that he was "queer," and would never make a friend, and went on to get out some more blankets, for January had come.

Young Neal went to see Father Cramer, the rector of St. Mary's, on Sunday, the 16th of January. He was much interested in the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and he wanted to see the priest about a knotty point that had come up at the last meeting of his congregation. Father Cramer shook hands with him, but stopped him in the hall. The priest's kind eyes and grave smile always made Neal feel what he called "good."

"There's somebody in the parlor; and I don't want to go to my room until my patient wakes up.—Yes, I've a patient up there, and I'm afraid he is dying. He is a strange boy—sit down here awhile—he came here suddenly one night in a frightened sort of a way, and asked to be instructed. It took some time to break the ice that seemed to have coated him all over; he gave me the impression of being dumb, though he had the use of his tongue."

"There's a fellow at my boarding-house just like that," said Neal, with a laugh. "And a nasty, mean little chap he is."

"Don't be too hard on him," said the priest. "If you break the ice, you may find pure, limpid water under it. I did. Well, this boy, or young man—I don't know which to call him—became a most exemplary Catholic. He had lacked friends, though he had longed for them fervently, but his inability to express himself, and his awkwardness, turned everybody from him. He wanted to please people, but he always failed. He found all he wanted at the foot of the altar. All the ardor of his heart turned to the Blessed Sacrament. Such love, such faith! But he wanted to express it somehow."

"Do you know Rossini's 'Moses in Egypt'?" No? Well, I think it a rather theatrical piece. He heard it sung in the choir. 'I can't sing,' he said, 'but if I could only play that, I would feel as if I were not so tongue-tied, when I am alone and want to pray. Ah, if I could only play that! It expresses what I cannot say.' He was in earnest, there was no mistaking that; so I told him to come here, and that I would teach him to play that old organ in my room. It was slow work. He thought it bored me; but he loved the toil of practice. He has actually been going all this winter without an overcoat,—for he works for a mere pittance,—to hire a small organ for himself."

"I have found my voice, Father," he whispered joyously, but hoarsely. "I am no longer dumb. It says all I think."

The musician was little Philip. The priest ran forward, for Philip seemed weak and about to totter. He fell sideways on the keys of the organ, and a stream of bright light flowed from his lips, coloring them. Neal caught him in his arms and carried him to the lounge. His wonderful eyes were fixed, glowing with love, on the crucifix above the organ. He made motions with his hands, as if touching organ keys. He sighed and closed his eyes. "He has found his voice," said Father Cramer, who knew death well. "He has found more than all he lacked on earth."

"I might have been a friend to him," murmured Neal, as he lifted Philip's hand tremblingly, and crossed it with the other on the dumb singer's breast. "He needed friends," said the priest; "his heart almost broke because he was so greatly disliked. But we are not friendly to talk when we ought to pray for him."

And then Neal joined with all his heart in the prayer of the Church, that he who so longed to express himself might be joyfully expressive before God and the glorious assemblage that praises Him eternally.

IRISH NUNS IN THE INDIES.

A White Coral Convent Consecrated to the Sacred Heart. Far, far away in the sunny south, in one of the beautiful islands of the West Indies, a little convent of white coral has just been built and consecrated to the Sacred Heart. For this new and glorious field of labor one good and self-sacrificing Sister of Mercy and a single postulant sailed in February last to lay the foundation of a great and holy work for the salvation of souls. To the reader a short description of this island may be of interest, and he will then more readily understand the great difficulties that had to be overcome before even this small detachment of soldiers in God's service could be sent to their work. Barbadoes, if not the prettiest, is at least the most healthy, cultivated and populous of all the islands. Since first inhabited it has always been English, and we are led to think that in its early days it was governed and laid out by Catholics, for only those of the ancient faith would have given to the various parishes into which the island is divided the names of St. Joseph, St. Philip, St. Thomas, St. George, St. Peter, St. Lucy, St. Anne, etc. Many are the English and Irish Catholic prisoners of war who here toiled to the end of their weary life and left descendants who, as the years rolled by, gradually lost all vestiges of the faith.

SOLDIERS DEMAND A PRIEST.

No Catholic priest was allowed for many years to live on the island, until the regiment of the Connaught Rangers being quartered there, the men insisted on having a Catholic chaplain, and succeeded in building a small but extremely pretty church in 1848, which was dedicated to St. Patrick. About ten years later the mission was given to the Society of

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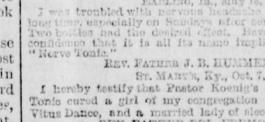
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Miss Jennie Bass, New Haven, Conn., writes: "For two years I suffered from sick headache and palpitation of the heart, and could get no relief until I began the use of Pink Pills. I now feel like a new girl." Sold by all dealers or by mail at one a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. J. Williams' Med. Co., Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations.

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I was troubled with nervous headache for a long time, especially on Sundays, after services, two bottles and the desired relief. I have had confidence that it is all the more genuine, as "Nerve Tonic." REV. FATHER J. R. KUEHNER, St. Mary's, Ky., Oct. 7, '98. I hereby testify that Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic cured a girl of my congregation of St. Vincent, and a married lady of sleeplessness. REV. FATHER FOL, FERRISBURGH.

Jesus, and since then one of their Fathers has always held the post there. About 20 miles long and 14 broad, with a population of over 182,000, this island with but one priest and one small church in its principal town has marvelously been able to keep one little spark of Catholic faith. At length the way seemed open to found a convent. To do this had been for years the longing desire of the good old Father who has lived since 1884 or 1885 among the people.

A Catholic lady who had visited the island and grown very fond of the place saw the great need that there was to increase the influence of the Church, if the faith was ever to be spread, for it is one of the most Protestant places in the world. This person promised on returning to England to do all that was possible to find nuns who would go out and start a convent there. After eight months of constant labor for the cause, one Sister of Mercy was found willing and very anxious to go out and begin the work, with a young postulant who had the same desire. As no others could be found, after long and careful inquiries at various convents, these two started alone on the 10th of February for the little island. Their convent was not quite finished on arriving, but they lodged in a private house for a time. About four months have passed since they landed, and the influence they have already gained over the people is marvellous.

WHAT IS NEEDED.

The small mission has awakened to a new vigor; the poor school numbering about sixty children is under the supervision of the nuns, though still taught by the former negro master. The Sisters have also started a middle class school, which is well attended, and only lately fifty-seven pupils have given notice of leaving a large college there to attend the convent. All cannot be accepted; no two Sisters can carry on the tremendous undertaking which such a large school would involve, with all their parish visiting, Sunday school and various instructions to all classes. What the mission needs now are good earnest volunteers to join this little band and throw in their lot with this great work for the saving of so many souls and the advancement of Holy Church and our all-glorious faith.

Young girls with a solid education, a love for God's poor and ignorant, and a desire to become Sisters of Mercy would reap an untold happiness and an everlasting crown in heaven by doing anything in their power to increase the strength of this convent's influence. Or again, good could be done by alms to assist in sending out new recruits for the work, or by making the needs of the place known, and

thus enabling any who feel an inclination for the religious state to hear of a field for their labors; for has not our Lord promised that what we do for the least of His little ones we do unto Him? And surely the good to be done for these people, white, black and colored, is more than tongue can tell.

AN IRISH PRIEST'S WIT.

How Father Healy Replied to One of Balfour's Queries.

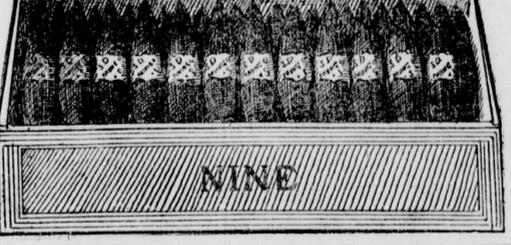
One defect in Irish literature is the absence of a good collection of the sparkling and humorous sayings for which Irish men and women of all ages have been remarkable, says an exchange. Even down to the present time they prevail in my lord's castle and his servants' hall. A story is told that shortly before the termination of Mr. Balfour's chief secretaryship he entertained among others, Father Healy, the wit of Bray. Mr. Balfour asked Father Healy if he thought that the people of Ireland disliked him as much as he pretended, to which the Father Healy replied that "If they only hated the devil half as much the priests of Ireland might take a long holiday." Another story is told of His Grace the present Archbishop of Cashel, examining a little peasant boy on the catechism, and asking him "What was matrimony?" "Could two little boys get married?" "Could two little boys get married?" pursued the Archbishop. "Yes, your Grace." "How is that?" "To two little girls, your Grace."

A Minister's Rebuke.

A clergyman was annoyed by people talking and giggling. He paused, looked at the disturbers, and said: "Some years since, as I was preaching, a young man who sat before me was constantly laughing, talking and making unseemly grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the services a gentleman said to me: 'Sir, you made a great mistake; that young man was an idiot.' Since then I have always been afraid to rebuke those who misbehave themselves in chapel, lest I should repeat that mistake and rebuke another idiot." During the rest of the service there was good order.

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